

Ray sat outside his parents' bedroom door. Outside, Ray could hear children playing. The sun shone, warm and bright, through the hall window. Even though the sun was shining, Ray did not feel happy. He knew his parents were discussing something sad. He knew they were talking about Grandpa. Grandpa had been sick for a long time. Now he was in the hospital.

Ray laid his head against the closed bedroom door. He wanted to hear what his parents were saying. All he could hear were the low tones of their voices. He heard footsteps coming toward the door. Ray jumped up and ran down the hall toward his bedroom. "Ray," said his father, "come here." Ray dragged his feet as he walked back down the hall. Ray came to a stop in front of his father. He felt his father's warm hand on his back. "Your grandpa is very sick," Father said. "We must go see him at the hospital."

That evening, the family got into the car to go to the hospital. Ray sat in the seat between his mother and father. He felt very sad inside. He could not imagine life without his grandpa. Ray thought back to all of the fun things he and his grandpa had done together. He remembered when his grandpa took him fishing and Ray had caught the biggest fish. He remembered Grandpa pushing him down the hill on a sled when it snowed. He remembered Grandpa helping him build a model airplane. Grandpa had been a very special part of his life as long as Ray could remember.

Ray's father pulled the car up in front of the hospital. Ray and his mother climbed out of the car. They rode the elevator up to the third floor. They knocked on Grandpa's door and walked in. Ray saw his grandpa lying on the bed. He looked very pale and weak. "Come

in," said Grandpa with a little smile. Ray went up to his grandpa and took his hand. "How are you feeling?" asked Ray. "Well, not very good," said Grandpa. "Come closer," Grandpa said, "and come sit on my bed." Ray sat down on the bed as Grandpa had asked.

"I have something special for you," whispered Grandpa. From under the covers, Grandpa pulled out an old watch. Grandpa gave the watch to Ray. "You're a big boy now," said Grandpa. "I think you need a watch. I want you to have this to remember me by." "Grandpa, you're going to get well, aren't you?" asked Ray. Grandpa just smiled at Ray.

Dad came in as Ray was sitting next to Grandpa. "It's time for us to go," said Dad. "Grandpa needs some rest." Ray said, "Thanks for the watch, Grandpa. I'll see you tomorrow." Grandpa smiled and gave a small wave.

The next morning, the doctor called to tell Ray's parents that Grandpa had died in the night. Ray went up to his room after he heard the news. "Grandpa knew all along," he thought. "That's why he gave me the watch." Ray held the watch tight in his hand. He knew that the watch would always mean something special to him.

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